

SERIAL STORY

The Princess Elopes

By HAROLD McGRATH

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SYNOPSIS.

Arthur Warrington, American consul to Barscheit, tells how reigning Grand Duke attempts to force his niece, Princess Hildegarde, to marry Prince Doppelkinn, an old widower. Warrington does not know the princess even by sight. While horseback riding in the country night overtakes him and he seeks accommodations in a dilapidated castle. Here he finds two women and an old man servant. One woman is Princess Hildegarde and the other a friend, Hon. Betty Moore, of England. They detain him to witness a mock marriage between the princess and a disgraced army officer, Steinbock, done for the purpose of felling the grand duke. Steinbock attempts to kiss the princess and she is rescued by Warrington. Steinbock disappears for good. Max Scharfstein, an old American friend of Warrington's reaches Barscheit. Warrington tells him of the princess. Scharfstein shows Warrington a locket with a picture of a woman inside. It was on his neck when he, as a boy, was picked up and adopted by his foster father, whose name he was given. He believes it to be a picture of his mother.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"You poor old Dutchman, you! You can buy a genealogy with your income. And a woman nowadays marries the man, the man, it's only horses, dogs and cattle that we buy for their pedigrees. Come, you ought to have a strawberry mark on your arm." I suggested lightly; for there were times when Max brooded over the mystery which enveloped his birth.

In reply he rolled up his sleeve and bared a mighty arm. Where the vaccination scar usually is I saw a red patch, like a burn. I leaned over and examined it. It was a four-pointed scar, with a perfect circle around it. Somehow, it seemed to me that this was not the first time I had seen this peculiar mark. I did not recollect ever seeing it on Max's arm. Where had I seen it, then?

"It's a curious scar. Hang me, but I've seen the device somewhere before!"

"You have?"—eagerly. "Where, where?"

"I don't know; possibly I saw it on your arm in the old days."

He sank back in his chair. Silence, during which the smoke thickened and the pup whined softly in his sleep. Out upon the night the cathedral bell boomed the third hour of morning.

"If you don't mind, Artie," said Max, yawning, "I'll turn in. I've been traveling for the past fortnight."

"Take a ride on Dandy in the morning. He'll hold your weight nicely. I can't go with you, as I've a lame ankle."

"I'll be in the saddle at dawn. All I need is a couple of hours between sheets."

CHAPTER V.

That same evening the grand duke's valet knocked on the door leading into the princess' apartments, and when the door opened he gravely announced that his serene highness desired to speak to the Princess Hildegarde. It was a command. For some reason, known best to herself, the princess chose to obey it.

"Say that I shall be there presently," she said, dismissing the valet.

As she entered her uncle's study—so called because of its dust-laden bookshelves, though the duke sometimes disturbed their contents to steady the leg of an unbalanced chair or table—he laid down his pipe and dismissed his small company of card players.

"I did not expect to see you so soon," he began. "A woman's curiosity sometimes has its value. It takes little to arouse it, but a great deal to allay it."

"You have not summoned me to make smart speeches, simply because I have been educated up to them?"—truculently.

"No. I have not summoned you to talk smart, a word much in evidence in Barscheit since your return from England. For once I am going to use a woman's prerogative. I have changed my mind."

The Princess Hildegarde trembled with delight. She could put but one meaning to his words.

"The marriage will not take place next month."

"Uncle!"—rapturously.

"Wait a moment,"—grimly. "It shall take place next week."

"I warn you not to force me to the altar," cried the girl, trembling this time with a cold fury.

"My child, you are too young in spirit and too old in mind to be allowed a gateless pasture. In harness you will do very well." He took up his pipe and primed it. It was rather embarrassing to look the girl in the eye.

"You shall wed Doppelkinn next week."

"You will find it rather embarrassing to drag me to the altar,"—evenly.

"You will not," he replied, "create a

scandal of such magnitude. You are untamable, but you are proud."

When these two talked without apparent heat it was with unalterable fixedness of purpose. They were of a common race. The duke was determined that she should wed Doppelkinn; she was equally determined that she should not. The gentleman with the algebraic bump may figure this out to suit himself.

"Have you no pity?"

"My reason overshadows it. You do not suppose that I take any especial pleasure in forcing you? But you leave me no other method."

"You loved my aunt once,"—a broken note in her voice.

"I love her still,"—not unkindly; "but I must have peace in the house. Observe what you have so far accomplished in the matter of creating turmoil." The duke took up a paper.

"My sins?"—contemptuously.

"Let us call them your transgressions. Listen. You have ridden a horse as a man rides it; you have ridden bicycles in public streets; you have stolen away to a masked ball; you ran away from school in Paris and visited heaven knows whom; you have bribed sentries to let you in when you were out late; you have thrust aside the laws as if they meant nothing; you have trifled with the state papers and caused the body politic to break up a meeting as a consequence of the laughter."

The girl, as she recollected this day to which he referred, laughed long and joyously. He waited patiently till she had done, and I am not sure that his mouth did not twist under his beard.

"Foreign education is the cause of all this," he said finally. "Those cursed French and English schools have

"Poor, foolish child! What a terrible thing this might have turned out to be!"

"What do you mean?"

"Mean? Do you suppose anything like this could take place without my hearing of it? And such a dishonest, unscrupulous rascal! Some day I shall thank the American consul personally for his part in the affair. I was waiting to see when you would produce this. You virtually placed your honor and reputation, which I know to be above reproach, into the keeping of a man who would sell his soul for a thousand crowns."

The girl felt her knees give way, and she sat down. Tears slowly welled up in her eyes and overflowed, blurring everything.

The duke got up and went over to his desk, rummaging among the papers. He returned to the girl with a letter.

"Read that, and learn the treachery of the man you trusted."

The letter was written by Steinbock. In it he disclosed all. It was a venomous, insulting letter. The girl crushed it in her hand.

"Is he dead?" she asked, all the bitterness in her heart surging to her lips.

"To Barscheit,"—briefly. "Now, what shall I do with this?"—tapping the bogus certificate.

"Give it to me," said the girl wearily. She ripped it into halves, into quarters, into infinitesimal squares, and tossed them into the waste-basket.

"I am the unhappiest girl in the world."

"I am sorry," replied the grand duke. "It isn't as if I had forced Doppelkinn on you without first letting you have your choice. You have rejected the



"Is He Dead?" She Asked.

ruined you. And I was fool enough to send you to them. This is the end."

"Or the beginning,"—rebelliously.

"Doppelkinn is mild and kind."

"Mild and kind! One would think that you were marrying me to a horse! Well, I shall not enter the cathedral."

"How will you avoid it?"—calmly.

"I shall find a way; wait and see."

She was determined.

"I shall wait." Then, with a sudden softening, for he loved the girl after his fashion: "I am growing old, my child. If I should die, what would become of you? I have no son; your Uncle Franz, who is but a year or two younger than I am, would reign, and he would not tolerate your madcap ways. You must marry at once. I love you in spite of your willfulness. But you have shown yourself incapable of loving. Doppelkinn is wealthy. You shall marry him."

"I will run away, uncle,"—decidedly.

"I have notified the frontiers,"—tranquilly. "From now on you will be watched. It is the inevitable, my child, and even I have to bow to that."

She touched the paper in her bosom, but paused.

"Moreover, I have decided," went on the duke, "to send the Honorable Betty Moore back to England."

"Betty?"

"Yes. She is a charming young person, but she is altogether too sympathetic. She abets you in all you do. Her English independence does not conform with my ideas. After the wedding I shall notify her father."

"Everything, everything! My friends, my liberty, the right God gives to every woman—to love whom she will! And you, my uncle, rob me of these things! What if I should tell you that marriage with me is now impossible?"—her lips growing thin.

"I should not be very much surprised."

"Please look at this, then, and you will understand why I can not marry Doppelkinn." She thrust the bogus certificate into his hands.

The duke read it carefully, not a muscle in his face disturbed. Finally he looked up with a terrifying smile.

princes of a dozen wealthy countries. We are not as the common people; we can not marry where we will. I shall announce that the marriage will take place next week."

"Do not send my friend away," she pleaded, apparently tamed.

"I will promise to give the matter thought. Good night."

She turned away without a word and left him. When he roared at her she knew by experience that he was harmless; but this quiet determination meant the exclusion of any further argument. There was no escape unless she ran away. She went on her pillow that night, not so much at the thought of wedding Doppelkinn as at the fact that Prince Charming had evidently missed the last train and was never coming to wake her up, or, if he did come, it would be when it was too late. How many times had she conjured him up, as she rode in the fresh fairness of the mornings! How many he was and how his voice thrilled her! Her horse was suddenly to run away, he was to rescue her, and then demand her hand in marriage as a fitting reward. Sometimes he had black hair and eyes, but more often he was big and tall, with yellow hair and the bluest eyes in all the world.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Animals Fight in Shack.

From Bristol's woods, in Southern Prospect, a village near Waterbury, Conn., a wildcat pursued a big deer until from exhaustion it fell through the roof of the side hill hen shack of Edson Black. Guinea fowls set up a great commotion, and with the deer's desperate struggles for liberty, cooped up in a shack 15x12, with nearly 80 fowls, there was such a racket that a trusty watchdog awoke Black. He went to the henhouse to find 32 fowls trampled to death, every pane of glass and all the roosts broken and the deer dying of a broken neck. Its flanks were lacerated from the claws of the wildcat, tracks of which were in the coop, where it remained until frightened away by the approach of Black.

TAFT'S SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE

Republican Candidate Makes Address from Steps of Brother's Home in Cincinnati.

Discusses Trusts, Labor, Injunctions, the Physical Valuation of Railroads, the Currency, and Other Issues Which He Regards as Pertinent in Campaign.

Cincinnati.—Standing on a flag-draped platform in front of the old colonial portico of his brother's home, Judge W. H. Taft, at noon on Tuesday, accepted the nomination of the Republican party to be its candidate for the presidency.

Political leaders from far and near gathered to give the affair its political significance, while from the city and surrounding suburbs the friends, neighbors and admirers of Judge Taft among his own townspeople turned out in countless numbers and without regard to party affiliation.

Senator William Warner of Missouri, past commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., headed the notification committee, which consisted of a member of every state, territory and island possession of the nation. The representatives of the committee were chosen from the delegations attending the nominating convention at Chicago. There also were present many members of the national committee, including Frank H. Rittschick, who made a flying trip to Cincinnati en route from Chicago to Washington and New York.

Senator Warner's speech of notification was brief, and when he had concluded speaking there was an enthusiastic outburst of applause as Judge Taft stepped forward. After formally accepting the nomination tendered by the chairman of the notification committee, Judge Taft launched out at once, without picture, apostrophe or any attempt at oratory, into the very essence of his declaration of principles, the first portion of his remarks being a declaration that Republican strength lies in a maintenance of "the Roosevelt principles."

He dwelt at some length upon what the president has done in the line of reform, and declared the chief function of the administration to be a clinching of what already has been accomplished. He asserted, in comparing the platforms of the two old parties, that the Republican declaration is progressive and regulative, while the Democratic is radical and destructive. Judge Taft discussed trusts, labor, injunctions, the physical valuation of railroads, the currency, the postal savings banks, which he declared were preferable to the Democratic plan of government guarantee of deposits, publicity of campaign contributions and all other issues which he regards as pertinent in the coming campaign. He concluded with the declaration that as between the two old parties the difference consisted of the fact that with Republican success there would be prosperity; with Democratic victory there would be disaster.

When the final address was finished there was a procession of local and visiting marching clubs, militia and various civic organizations. From an improvised reviewing stand on the sidewalk Judge Taft reviewed the passing hosts.

DEATH IN PATH OF STORM.

Electrical Storm Sweeps Over Pittsburg With Disastrous Results.

Pittsburg.—Exceeding in intensity the several severe electric storms of the past two weeks, this city and vicinity was visited late Monday afternoon by rain, lightning and thunder. At least one person was killed and a score of others injured by lightning. A great number of small fires occurred, and thousands of cellars were partially filled with water. It is estimated that two hundred street cars were slightly damaged during the storm by lightning.

A gasoline launch, "The Merry Widow," carrying from sixteen to twenty workmen from the Jones and Laughlin steel company's plant across the Monongahela to their homes, capsized Monday night in twenty feet of water. Three men are known to be drowned.

Made Money by Burning His Property

Belmontaine, O.—George R. Gamble was on Tuesday sentenced to the penitentiary for three years for arson, having been convicted of setting fire to his grist mill in Zanesfield eighteen months ago, for the insurance. Prior to coming to Belmontaine, Gamble suffered fire losses in various towns in Colorado and Illinois, a total of fifteen fires having been charged against him. In each case he collected the insurance, and was not suspected until after the Zanesfield fire.

Gave Up Life for a Girl.

Valparaiso, Ind.—A. S. Reeser, aged 22, of Bandana, Ky., a Valparaiso university law student, gave up his life for Miss May Bradbury, a student. They were walking on the Pennsylvania railroad track. A west-bound train came along and held their attention so that they did not notice the eastbound limited, which was coming from the opposite direction, until it was upon them. Reeser was able to assist his companion from the track. In doing so he was struck by the locomotive and thrown thirty-five feet, being fatally injured.

WILL FIGHT STANDARD OIL COMPANY TO BITTER FINISH

Attorney General Bonaparte Admits Glaring Mistakes Were Made in First Trial, But Will Try Again.

Lenox, Mass.—Admitting that there had been glaring mistakes made in the former trial, but determined to rectify them in action to be brought, the Chicago members of the conference called by Attorney General Bonaparte left for home Wednesday afternoon, with instructions to begin a fight all along the line against the Standard Oil trust.

"It will now be a fight to the finish," said United States Attorney Sims of Chicago. "We made mistakes, glaring ones in the other trial. But now we are at work in earnest. Nothing will go wrong this time. You may be sure of that. I cannot tell what our first action will be. It is for Mr. Bonaparte to make that public."

Attorney General Bonaparte called to the conference Solicitor General Hoyt, District Attorney Sims of Chicago, James H. Wilkinson of Chicago, Mr. Sims' first assistant, and Frank B. Kellogg of Minnesota. After the conference on Wednesday, Mr. Bonaparte said that every effort would be made to secure a revision of the recent decision, and an opinion of the United States circuit court of appeals in the case of the Standard Oil company of Indiana, and that an application for reargument and a modification of the opinion would be submitted to that court.

FIRE SHOTGUN AT TAFT.

Shanty Boatman Comes Near Shooting Presidential Candidate While Celebrating.

Cincinnati.—If the steamer Island Queen, which conveyed candidate William H. Taft and the Republican notification committee up the Ohio river had been sailing a hundred yards nearer the Ohio shore, the presidential nominee might have been seriously wounded by a charge of shot.

As it was the contents of a gun fired at the Island Queen by a shanty boatman struck the vessel just below the spot on the hurricane deck where Mr. Taft was sitting and several of the pellets entered the breast and arms of Mrs. C. B. Russell of Cincinnati, who stood directly beneath Mr. Taft.

"I do not think that the shooting was done with any malice," said Mr. Taft, "or that I or anyone else in particular was picked out as a target. Some enthusiastic fellow-citizen probably wanted to celebrate with the rest and, having no blank cartridges, loaded his gun with the real thing."

MEETS HORRIBLE DEATH.

Step-son of W. K. Vanderbilt Killed in Automobile Accident.

Paris.—Winthrop Sands, step-son of William K. Vanderbilt, met a shocking death while riding in his automobile at sixty miles an hour from Deuville to the Vanderbilt chateau at Poissy Saint Louisa, near Paris, on Wednesday. A half-mile from his destination the automobile tire of the front wheel slipped from its place and the car skidded along at a fearful pace and finally struck a tree. Young Sands was sitting behind the chauffeur when the car struck and was cut almost in two and his right leg was torn clear out of the thigh and crushed under the fore part of the car. The chauffeur was so badly injured there is no hope of his recovery.

Suicide Causes Mine Explosion.

Berlin.—An investigation of the dynamite explosion in the dynamite store room on the seventh level of one of the collieries near Borbeck, in which at least eight men were killed, indicates that the explosion probably was the result of the successful attempt of a miner named Spitznas to commit suicide. Spitznas had had domestic difficulties and was melancholy, and before entering the mine that day he had threatened to take his life. It is not believed, however, that he had the slightest intention of killing his comrades or wrecking the gallery.

Black Hand Sends Warning to Colored Neighbor of John D.

White Plains, N. Y.—Sheriff Charles M. Lane of West Chester county directed Under Sheriff Schlep to make investigation regarding a Black Hand letter William Everson, a wealthy colored land owner on Buttermilk Hill, adjoining the country estate of John D. Rockefeller, has received, threatening death to him and his sister unless they leave \$1,000 on their gate post. Everson is very much scared and now goes about heavily armed.

Shot Father for Abusing His Mother.

Pontiac, Ill.—Andrew H. Hagg, a prominent Livingston county farmer and politician, was shot and instantly killed by his son Albert. The elder Hagg quarreled with his wife, whom he is said to have driven from home. She went to the home of a neighbor about half a mile distant and telephoned her son Albert, who went at once to the Hagg home. There he engaged in an altercation with his father, who started toward his son with a pitchfork. The shooting followed.

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CHANGING FASHIONS FOR MEN.

When Use of Powder and of Snuff Boxes Died Out.

The French revolution had its effect upon the fashions of 1800, as well as upon matters of more weighty import, the tendency being greatly to simplify costumes, says the English Illustrated Magazine. Young men in England adopted the short coat, light waistcoat and pantaloons inaugurated in Paris by a certain set who affected to desire the old court fashions.

The use of powder, made more expensive by taxation, quite died out and short hair became universal.

Trousers and Wellington boots, at first worn only by the military, were adopted by civilians about 1814, and the dandy of the early Victorian era wore his tightly strapped down. He also prided himself on his starched collar, which had gone out of favor under George IV., who preferred a black silk kerchief or stock.

The snuff box vanished and the characteristic ornament of the age was the bunch of seals hanging from the watch chain. Various modifications took place from time to time during Queen Victoria's long reign, but the form of men's dress practically remained unaltered.

The knickerbockers and tweed suit of the country gentleman are of comparatively modern date, as well as the wide-awake and cloth cap.

Get a Patent.

Your invention may be valuable and should be patented. Send for free information and advice to H. J. ROBINSON, Patent Attorney, P. O. Box 544, Salt Lake City.

Dress as Well as You Can.

It is quite in place to declare most emphatically to all who may read these lines—let the thought of it bear fruit—that dress, proper according to avocation, is one of the mandatory requisites of this twentieth century. Putting up a good front is a duty; backing it up is quite another matter and is more a matter of ability. It is more a reproach to not dress correctly than it is a credit to do so. It is not an achievement, it is to-day a daily though never monotonous routine, to forget or belittle which is a social and business sin.—Men's Wear, New York.

MIMEOGRAPH Paper, Typewriter Paper, Carbons and Ribbons, write to PEMBROKE STATIONERY CO., Salt Lake City.

Persuasive.

A rural manufacturer duns his subscribers in the following novel manner: "All persons knowing themselves indebted to this concern are requested to call and settle. All those indebted to this concern, and not knowing it, are requested to call and find out. Those knowing themselves to be indebted, and not wishing to call, are requested to stay at one place long enough for us to reach them."—Harper's Weekly.

Trouble.

"Some folks," says Brother Dickey, "have so much trouble in this world that the place where Satan lives at will look familiar to 'em!"

The Touch of Nature.

Consider chickens! In the market there are speckled plymouths, and dominickers and fat leghorns, clucking in many crates, but they get no notice except from customers who hold views concerning roasts and potpies.

But take, for instance, the pullet that the invalid boy carries in his arms when his mother wheels him along the street in his rolling chair, and you can't count the eyes that follow in his wake. He is a little boy who would be like other little boys if he could romp in the street, and the pullet is only an ordinary fowl, with white feathers yellowing around the hackle and a red comb—

But if it were the cock that made St. Peter cry, or the rooster that crowed in the morn to wake the priest, all shaven and shorn, or that good old hen with yellow legs that laid her master many eggs, the crowds couldn't show more curious interest.

Which shows what environment will do.—Washington Star.

Children Born in Workhouses

A thousand children are born in London workhouses yearly.

The Philosopher of Folly.

"There came a time in my life," admits the Philosopher of Folly, "when I did not know which way to turn, or what step to take next. A word from my dancing master put me right, however."

Be a Gentleman.

"Thou shalt be a gentleman" was the amendment to the ten commandments proposed by President Harris of Amherst, but if they were all kept perhaps the amendment would not be necessary.